

# Attack of the Fashionable Club

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Summary: A "Cow and Chicken" fan fic that's a parody/homage to "Daria".

## Attack of the Fashionable Club

ATTACK OF THE FASHIONABLE CLUB A "Cow and Chicken" Fan Fiction Story  
(And hopefully the first story in the "Cow and Chicken: The OAV's"  
Series) by Peter W. Guerin

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With apologies to David Feiss, Glenn Eichler and Susie Lewis.

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### AUTHOR'S DISCLAIMER

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None of this ever happened. This story is entirely a work of fiction.  
As for continuity within the "Cow and Chicken: The OAV's" series,  
this is the first story in the series.

All "Cow and Chicken" characters are (c) 1997, 1998, 1999  
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Reserved.

All "Daria" characters are (c) 1993, 1997, 1999 MTV Networks, a  
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(We see something similar to the Cartoon Network "Cartoon Cartoons" tag, except the logo says "MARK ZERO FAN FICTION". After the swirling effect, we see the word "EXCLUSIVE CREATIONS" appear, after which, Chicken's head pops out.)

Chicken: Mark Zero Fan Fiction Exclusive Creations!

(Cut now to the opening sequence of "Cow and Chicken".)

Chicken: Mama had a chicken!

Cow: Mama had a cow!

Cow and Chicken: Dad was proud! He didn't care how!

(Fast cuts to Cow and Chicken, then Cow grabs Chicken by his neck and runs off with him.)

Cow: Cow!

(Cut to Chicken going down the street with Flem and Earl; Chicken falls into a open manhole.)

Chicken: Chicken!

(Fast cut to the Red Guy in various disguises.)

Cow and Chicken: COW AND CHICKEN!

(Cow and Chicken do a dance on the roof of their house. Fast cut to them, as the Red Guy pops up and laughs, followed by the "Cow and Chicken" logo. Show the title caption: "COW AND CHICKEN IN: 'ATTACK OF THE FASHIONABLE CLUB'".)

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(Scene: Cow and Chicken's house. Show a shot of the exterior, then cut to the living room, where we see Cow and Chicken watching TV. They're watching what fans of MTV's popular animated series "Daria" would call the "Daily Dose", or the 1:00 PM airing of the show. The episode they're watching is "The Misery Chick". It's the scene where that jerk football legend Tommy Sherman's talking to Daria Morgendorffer.)

Tommy: You're one of those misery chicks. Always moping about what a cruel world it is, making a big deal about it so people won't notice that you're a loser. (He walks away.)

(Cow begins to cry and moo.)

Cow: Oh, Big Brudder! That jerk quarterback treated Daria like dirt!

Chicken: Aw, Cow, lighten up! It's just a dumb cartoon!

Cow: I just hope something rotten happens to him!

(We now hear the sound of the goalpost collapsing on Tommy, with Kevin Thompson, the star quarterback running into the hallway.)

Kevin: Oh, my God! The goalpost fell! Tommy Sherman's dead! He's dead!

Cow: There, Big Brudder! He got his!

Chicken: Man, this is as bad as some of those fan fiction stories that Peter Guerin guy posts on the Internet, or SBBED.D's for that matter!

Cow: Big Brudder, why do people mistreat people like Daria?

Chicken: Aw, Cow, how the heck should I know? At least I don't go telling everyone that you're my cousin.

Cow: Gee, thanks, Chicken! (She grabs him by the neck and hugs him.)

Chicken: (Grunting.) DON'T--MENTION--IT!

Cow: At least we don't have anything like that wicked Fashion Club in our school. (Releases Chicken.)

Chicken: Yeah, we sure don't.

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(Scene: The school, the next day. Shot of the exterior, with the gate that says "SCHOOL", with the sign below that that says "SUCKS!", then cut to the inside, where we see the teacher at class. Cow and Chicken are sitting next to each other, with Flem and Earl behind them. We also see four new girls in class, who could pass for pastiches of Sandi Griffin, Quinn Morgendorffer, Stacy Rowe and Tiffany Blum-Deckler.)

Teacher: Class, I want to introduce our four newest students to all of you! (Pointing first to the Sandi-looking girl.) That's Candy; (Pointing to the Quinn-looking girl.) that's Cindy; (Pointing to the Stacy-looking girl.); that's Annie; (Pointing to the Tiffany-looking girl.) and that's Tina. Say "Hi" to your classmates, girls.

(Candy stands up.)

Candy: (Sounding as deep and stuck-up as Sandi does.) Like, on behalf of the Fashionable Club, like, we want to say "Hi."

Tina: Yeah.

(Candy sits down again.)

Flem: Hey, Chicken, I don't think those girls look friendly; they sure act like ice maidens.

Chicken: Maybe they were the ones who sunk the "Titanic".

Earl: (Laughing.) Hey, good one, Chicken!

Cow: Big Brudder, what is this "Fashionable Club" Candy mentioned about?

Chicken: How should I know, Cow? Why not ask them during lunch?

Cow: OOOOO! Maybe I will!

Candy: (To Cindy.) Like, this school is beginning to suck already.

Cindy: Just as long as no one knows about my sis--er, cousin--Daliah, we'll be OK.

Candy: They just better not, that's all. (Stares icily at Cindy.)

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(Scene: the cafeteria. The students are getting lunch, with the Red Guy--disguised as the cook--doling out the food. Today's special is hamburgers, French fries and apple pie.)

Red Guy: Ooooooaaaaay, DIG IN WHILE IT'S HOT, KIDS!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (He doles out the food. Chicken takes his food.)

Chicken: Aw, man! Not hamburgers again! We've been having this for two weeks now!

Cow: I think I'll just take a ham sandwich. (She takes a ham sandwich from the sandwich cooler.)

(Right behind Cow are two girls who look like pastiches of Daria Morgendorffer and Jane Lane, except their names are Daliah and June, respectively.)

Daliah: Well, we've gone from one Hell hole to another.

June: At least we won't have to break in these dolts; they're already warped. (Smirks evilly like Jane does.)

(Daliah and June approach the Red Guy.)

Red Guy: Well, COME ON AND TAKE YOUR FOOD, LADIES! I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY, YOU KNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Daliah: You know, you can try a person's patience.

June: Not to mention that you don't wear any pants.

Red Guy: Weeeeeellllllll, IT'S A FREE COUNTRY NOW, ISN'T IT?!?!?!?!?!?

Daliah: I guess we'll take the burgers, then.

(Daliah and June take the food, then scout around to find a seat. Cut

to Cow and Chicken at their table.)

Cow: Oooo, look, Big Brudder! Those two girls could sit next to us!

Chicken: Man, they sure look homely.

Cow: Come on, Chicken! Please?

Chicken: Oh, OK, OK. But I don't want them buggin' me!

Cow: Ohhhh, goody, goody, gumdrops! (He waves at Daliah and June, who see them and sit next to Cow.)

Daliah: Is this where the rest of the outcasts in this school sit?

Chicken: I don't see any outcasts here.

(Flem and Earl now show up.)

June: Then who do you call those two?

(Daliah smirks that Mona Lisa grin that Daria usually does.)

Cow: Hey, Flem, Earl! Meet my two new friends!

Daliah: We just sat next to you and already you're calling us friends? Weird.

Flem: Man, I saw those two earlier in art class. The one with the black helmet hair did something in the style of Michael Jackson.

June: That's Jackson Pollack, you birdbrain!

Earl: Whatever.

Chicken: I don't even know what you guys are talking about.

June: Jackson Pollack was only one of the most important modern artists of our times.

Daliah: Never mind them, June. I think they've got mush for brains like the rest of this school seems to have.

Cow: So, what's your names? I'm Cow, and that's my Big Brudder, Chicken.

Daliah: I'm Daliah Morgenstern, and that's my friend June Loon.

Earl: I'm Earl, and that's my friend, Flem.

Daliah: Are all the weirdoes in this city in this school, June?

June: Maybe.

Chicken: You don't seem to smile much, do you, Daliah? And what's

with the Salvation Army thrift store wardrobe and the combat boots?

Daliah: My jacket says I don't follow fashion; my skirt is pleated so it flares right when I go ballroom dancing, and my boots say that I can hurt you. Is that clear?

Chicken: (Gulping.) Yeah, I getcha.

June: Then, there's the matter of my brother Trey and his band Mystery Spinal.

Chicken: Mystery Spinal? What the heck name is that? You'd be better off calling yourselves F. L. I. P.!

June: They keep talking about changing the name.

Cow: Ooooo! Can we see them playing?

Daliah: Sure. They're having a concert at the City Park after school.

Cow: Ooooo! We gotta go see them play, Big Brudder!

Chicken: Uh, Cow, I got to go to the library to check something out for our class project about the solar system.

Cow: But, Chicken, we finished that project last week! Come on, Big Brudder! Come with me, please? Please? (She begins to cry and moo.)

Chicken: Oh, all right already! I don't want to see you cry like a big 300 lb. baby!

Cow: (Grabbing Chicken by the neck and hugging him.) Ooooo, thank you!

(Cut to the Fashionable Club, who's been seeing this at a nearby table.)

Candy: Like, that Cow and Chicken are like nerds for associating with Daliah and June. If Cow decides she wants to be part of our group, we're turning her down cold.

Tina: Yeah.

Annie: I don't think they're that bad.

Candy: (Icily.) Like, who asked you, Annie?

Annie: EEP!

Candy: Like, we're going to go to that concert and ruin it! That'll teach Daliah and her friends.

(The rest of the Fashionable Club nods in agreement.)

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(Scene: the City Park, later that afternoon. We see a group of people at a stage there. They look kind of like Trent Lane, Jesse Moreno, Nicholas Campbell and Max Tyler, except the Trent look-alike doesn't have a goatee, and the Nicholas look-alike doesn't have a beard. Their names, respectively, are Trey Loon, Jimmy Marinara, Nathan Lipton and Mick Taylor. In the crowd, we can see Cow, Chicken, Daliah, June, Flem, Earl and the Fashionable Club.)

Trey: Hey, we're Mystery Spinal, but we're thinking of changing the name. This is our first gig in the city, so let's start this off with our smash hit we had back when we were gigging in Aron City and Townsville, "Refrigerator Lady".

(The guitars begin to crank up.)

Trey: Oh, Refrigerator Lady,/Flash-freeze my heart!/Refrigerator Lady,/ Flash-freeze my heart!/You don't love me, woman!/You've put me on ice!

(Monster guitar jam.)

Cow: Ooooo, Chicken! This song is so cool!

Chicken: Yeah, whatever!

(Cut to the Fashionable Club.)

Tina: Like, how are you going to ruin the concert?

Candy: Very simple, Tina. I had some of the more unpopular girls in class put some buckets of paint in that tree over the stage. All I got to do is tug on this rope, and "SPLAT!"

Tina: Yeah.

(Mystery Spinal is still jamming along. Candy waits, then decides to jerk on the rope. Cut to the cans of paint tipping over, which then spill their contents on Mystery Spinal. A collective gasp issues from the crowd.)

Cow: WAAAAAAH! Some mean person's spilled paint all over the band!  
(She begins to cry and moo.)

(Daliah runs up to Trey.)

Daliah: Trey! Are you all right?

Trey: Hey, Daliah. I'm fine.

Daliah: But you've got paint all over you!

Trey: Whatever! I think I'll take a nap now. (He falls asleep. Daliah just shakes her head.)

Flem: Man, and my father keeps telling me that nothing would ever top the day he saw Jimi Hendrix set his guitar on fire.

June: (Angrily.) Who did this? I want to know! No one splatters paint on my big brother's band and gets away with it.

(The Fashionable Club now step forward.)

Candy: We did. (She sees Cow with the rest.) Oh, are you that Cow girl?

Cow: Oh, yes! I want to join your club!

Chicken: Cow, they just splattered paint all over the band, and you want to join them! You've got mush for brains, you know that?

Candy: Sorry, Cow, but we saw you associate with those losers Daliah and June earlier. We don't take in people who are friends of them! (She and the other members of the Fashionable Club laugh.)

(Daliah can't take this anymore, so she broadsides Candy with her Doc Martens boots.)

Daliah: That's for ruining the concert, you witch!

Candy: (Snapping her fingers.) Get her.

(The other members of the Fashionable Club now proceed to surround Cow, Chicken, Daliah, June, Flem and Earl.)

Chicken: Man, why don't Ed, Edd and Eddy get into these kind of predicaments instead of us?

Flem: Yeah, like, where are the Powerpuff Girls when you need them?

Cow: This looks like a job for--SUPERCOW! (She runs off.)

(We now see Cow in her Supercow outfit.)

Supercow: ¡SUPERCOW A RESCANTE! (She now approaches the Fashionable Club.)

Earl: Hey, Supercow's no Powerpuff Girls, but she'll do!

Supercow: ¡MUERTA DE LA FASHIONABLE CLUB! (She takes her udder and whips Candy with it.)

Candy: OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!

(Tina runs at full speed, trying to throw a punch at Supercow, but she punches her lights out. Cindy now tries to jump on her, but she horsewhips her with her tail. She now approaches Annie, who's now cringing in fear.)

Annie: Like, I surrender already!

Candy: (Slowly getting up.) Traitor!

Daliah: Give it up, Candy. You're beat. And, by the way, I'm Cindy's sister.

Candy: (To Cindy.) WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?



Cindy: Now you've ruined everything, Daliah!

Candy: Get her for lying to us about having a geeky sister! (She, Tina and Annie now run off in pursuit of Cindy.)

Chicken: Gee, thanks, Supercow!

Supercow: Â¡ANDELE! ANDELE! (She leaves.)

Daliah: Man, that was weird!

(Jimmy now approaches.)

Jimmy: Aw, man! This paint's never gonna come off my leather vest!  
It's ruined!

Nathan: We're gonna go to Candy's old man and tell him he's gonna pay for this!

Mick: Yeah, man, for we're hood-a-lemmies!

(Cow returns.)

Cow: Did I miss anything?

Chicken: Only Supercow saving our butts, Cow.

Daliah: Chicken, you and Cow are all right in June's and my books.

Chicken: Gee, thanks, I think.

Cow: Are we going to tangle with the Fashionable Club again, Big Brudder?

(The Red Guy now shows up.)

Red Guy: Ohhhhhh, but YOU WILL!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chicken: Aw, man! I don't like the prospect of that!

Red Guy: Ohhh, but you'll just have to TAKE IT LIKE A MAN NOW, WON'T YOU?!?!?!?!?!?

Chicken: Man, we've got to end this already. (Iris out, then we see the caption "END" on the screen.) ENNNNNND!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Show the closing credits to "Cow and Chicken", then fade to a shot of sweaty hands over a piece of gray metal as an ominous timpani drumroll can be heard in the background; the left hand is holding a gray die while the right hand is holding a sledgehammer with a black head and yellow handle. The sledgehammer hits into the die twice, with a loud "CLANG!" each time. However, at the second time, the hammer hits into the left thumb, causing it to redden and swell. The person holding the hammer and die drops them, and then turns to the audience; he's none other than the author of the story himself, a man with brown curly hair, blue eyes and glasses. He screams "OUCH! I HIT MYSELF WITH THE !@#%& HAMMER!", then walks away. We now see that a red computer zero [a zero with a slash through it] has been chiseled into the metal. Above the zero is white Roman lettering saying

"MARK", while white Roman lettering below it says "FAN FICTION," and below that is white Roman lettering saying "UNLIMITED". Fade to black.)

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ENNNNNND!

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THIS HAS BEEN AN EXCLUSIVE CREATION OF MARK ZERO FAN FICTION,  
UNLIMITED!

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CLANG! CLANG! OUCH! I HIT MYSELF WITH THE !@#\$\$%^& HAMMER!

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End  
file.